

# The Inquirer

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1913.

[ONE PENNY.]

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## OUR CALENDAR.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to *the Publisher* not later than Thursday Morning.

N.B.—The name of the Minister of the Church is in all cases inserted, unless instructions are received to the contrary by Thursday morning before the date of issue.

SUNDAY, August 24.

### LONDON.

Acton, Creffield Road, 11.15, and 7, Rev. A. C. HOLDEN, M.A.  
 Bermondsey, Fort-road, 7, Mr. H. N. CALEY.  
 Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.  
 Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road. Closed during August.  
 Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road. Closed.  
 Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11, Mr. N. M. HYDE; 7, Rev. J. H. HARRIS.  
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 7, Rev. H. E. B. SPEIGHT.  
 Finchley, Granville-road, Ballards-lane, 11 and 6.30, Rev. BASIL MARTIN, M.A.  
 Forest Gate, Upton-lane, 11 and 6.30, Mr. S. D. GREENFIELD.  
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. BERTRAM LISTER.  
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. J. WOOD.  
 Highgate-hill Unitarian Christian Church, 11, Rev. W. WOODING, B.A. No evening service.  
 Ilford, High-road, 11 and 7, Rev. A. H. BIGGS, M.A.  
 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. Dr. TUDOR JONES.  
 Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W., no morning service; 6.30, Mr. W. R. HOLLOWAY.  
 Kilburn, Quex-road, closed during August.  
 Leytonstone, 632, High-road, 6.30, Mr. A. M. STABLES.  
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7.  
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Mr. W. J. CLARK.  
 Peckham, Avondale-road, 11, Rev. D. W. ROBSON, B.D. Special evening services at Peckham Rye with the Unitarian Van Mission at 6.30. Preacher, Rev. D. W. ROBSON, B.D. Subject, "Is there a Hell?"  
 Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, closed during August.  
 Stoke Newington Green, 11.15, Mr. T. PALLISTER YOUNG. No evening service.  
 Stratford Unitarian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. MAURICE ELLIOTT.  
 University Hall, Gordon-square, W.C., no service. Service will be resumed on September 21.  
 Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, 11 and 7, Rev. D. DELTA EVANS.  
 Wimbledon, Smaller Worple Hall, 7, Mr. W. H. SANDS.  
 Wood Green Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. JOSEPH WILSON.  
 Woolwich, Carmel Chapel, Anglesea-road, 3 and 6.30, Rev. T. F. M. BROCKWAY.

ABERSTWYTH, New-street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30. Supply.  
 AMBLESIDE, The Knoll Chapel, Rydal-road, 11, Rev. E. I. FRIPP, B.A.  
 BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. McDOWELL.  
 BIRMINGHAM, Old Meeting Church, Bristol-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. M. WRIGHT, M.A.  
 BIRMINGHAM, Church of the Messiah, Broad-street. Closed till September 7.  
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. BODELL SMITH.  
 BOLTON, Halliwall-road Free Church, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. J. ISLAN JONES, M.A.  
 BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. S. SOLLY, M.A.

BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Rev. T. P. SPEEDING.  
 BURY ST. EDMUNDS (Free Christian), Church-gate-street, 11 and 6.45, Rev. G. WARD.  
 BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. STREET.  
 CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. JENKIN EVANS.  
 CLIFTON, Oakfield-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Dr. G. F. BECKH.  
 (DEAN Row, 10.45 and  
 (STYAL, 6.30, Rev. E. A. VOYSEY, M.A.  
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. GINEVER.  
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12 and 7, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.  
 EVESHAM, Oat-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. E. WILLIAMS.  
 GEE CROSS, 11 and 6.30, Rev. F. HEMING VAUGHAN.  
 HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. S. BURROWS.  
 HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. VICTOR MOODY.  
 HULL, Park-street Church (Unitarian), 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. LAWRENCE CLARE.  
 LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. G. E. STARTUP.  
 LEICESTER, The Great Meeting, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. W. LUMMIS, M.A.  
 LEWES, Westgate Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. M. CONNELL.  
 LISCARD-WALLASEY, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. PARRY.  
 LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. CRADDOCK.  
 LIVERPOOL, Hope-Street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. W. CHYNOWETH POPE.  
 LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton-park, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. C. ODGERS, B.A.  
 MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Mr. E. CAPLETON.  
 MANCHESTER, Cross-street Chapel, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. DOUGLAS WALMSLEY, B.A.  
 MANCHESTER, Platt Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. WHITAKER.  
 MANCHESTER, Upper Brook-street, Free Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. W. SEALY, M.A.  
 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, near Free Library, 10.45 and 6.30, Mr. V. A. DENNANT, B.Sc.  
 NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, Unitarian Church, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. RUDDLE.  
 PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 and 6.45, Rev. G. W. THOMPSON.  
 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. Dr. CARPENTER; 7, Rev. P. H. WICKSTEED, M.A.  
 PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street. Closed till September 14. Service at Albert Hall during renovation.  
 PRESTON, Unitarian Chapel, Church-street, 10.45 and 6.30.  
 SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES HARGROVE, M.A.  
 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. J. STREET, M.A., LL.B.  
 SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.  
 SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. FREDERICK SUMMERS.  
 SOUTHAMPTON, Church of the Saviour, London-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. R. ANDREAE.  
 TORQUAY, Unity Church, Montpellier-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. H. ROSE.  
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Dudley Institute, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. B. STALLWORTHY.  
 WEST KIRBY, Meeting Room, Grange-road, 11 and 6.30.

### CAPETOWN.

Free Protestant (Unitarian) Church, Hout-street, 6.45, Rev. RAMSDEN BALMFORTH.

### ADELAIDE, S. AUSTRALIA.

Unitarian Christian Church, Wakefield-street, 11 and 7, Rev. WILFRED HARRIS, M.A.

### MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

Free Religious Fellowship, Collins-street, 11 and 7, Rev. F. SINCLAIR, M.A.

### VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Unitarian Church, Eagles Hall, 1319, Government-street, Sundays, 7.30 p.m.

### MARRIAGE.

VARVILL—SHEARMAN.—On August 16, at Rosslyn-hill Chapel, Hampstead, by the Rev. J. E. Odgers, D.D., of Oxford, Michael Noel Varvill, Indian Public Works Department, to Kate Shearman, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Shearman, of Compton Leigh, Hampstead, and Peveril House, Swanage.

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Advertisements should arrive not later than Twelve o'clock on THURSDAY to appear the same week.



# THE INQUIRER.

*A Journal of Liberal Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.*

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*\*\*\* All letters and manuscripts for the Editor should be sent to 23, Cannon Place, Hampstead, N.W.*

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE twentieth Universal Peace Congress was opened at the Hague on Monday. Apart from the discussion of special topics the most important item on the programme will be the formal opening of the Palace of Peace. This sumptuous building, which will provide the Peace Movement with an international home, is described in detail by Mr. F. Herbert Stead in the current number of the *Review of Reviews*. The cost has been borne chiefly by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, though the gifts presented by the various nations of the world give it a thoroughly cosmopolitan character. It is intended that its great Hall of Justice shall be the centre from which the pronouncements of international law and the verdicts of a common conscience shall go forth to the ends of the earth, leading at first to the limitation of war, and ultimately to its total abolition.

It is a magnificent dream, to which we say a fervent Amen! But meanwhile the Peace Congress assembles in circumstances of unparalleled discouragement. The crushing burden of armaments grows continually heavier, turning the whole of Europe into an armed camp. Recent revelations have thrown an ugly light upon the connection between highly organised finance and military expenditure; war scares have a distinct commercial value for those who are able to exploit them. But most alarming of all is the settled tone of pessimism among the leaders of political life. Ministers like Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Lloyd George treat us periodically to grave warnings of im-

pending doom, when this unproductive expenditure shall have drained the life-blood of the nations or the proletariat rise up in revolutionary passion against intolerable poverty and wrong; but then they lapse into a tone of fatalism about the whole business, try to wash their hands of all responsibility, and tell us that we must simply wait until somebody else—of course somebody more guilty than ourselves—has the courage to prick this bubble of an armed peace.

LET us recall Mr. Lloyd George's words in a recent speech in the House of Commons :—

“I must say that I am genuinely alarmed about the expenditure on armaments. There is not the slightest prospect of any reduction; the prospect is all the other way. It is no use concealing that fact from our minds. Every country in the world, for the moment, is somehow or other being lured on to expenditure. The fact is we are just scaring each other into great expenditures. There is no great public opinion in any country which has the courage to stand up and say to the people responsible for the expenditure, ‘It is time this should stop!’ I feel confident that if it goes on it will end in great disaster. I will not say disaster to this country, but it is possible it may end in a great disaster, because a protest will come about the consequences of this enormous expenditure. The inevitable consequence of this expenditure on armaments is a state of things that will goad the people into something which will be a sort of revolutionary protest.”

“We have got to face the fact,” Mr. Lloyd George went on, “that all countries are spending heavily, and until there is a complete understanding amongst the nations and complete co-operation you cannot stop

it. One country alone dare not stop it. I have never accepted that doctrine. It would be a perilous thing to do, because once you pass the point of danger and something happens, then a disaster is inevitable. No country can afford to run that risk. If we had international co-operation we might do something in the direction I have indicated, especially after the events of the last year, when it is fresh in the minds of people what a horrible thing war can be, and how ruinous to the commercial, industrial and social life of the countries subjected to its ravages. Until that is brought about, however, nothing is in front of us but increased expenditure, and increased expenditure means increased taxation. It is no use saying to the Government, ‘You are destroying the capital.’ It is not the Government that is doing it at all. It is this sort of mad humour which is eating up their vitality, and creating an atmosphere in which people cannot judge the situation rationally. People suffering from an excitement of this sort, with this disease coursing through their blood, are not healthy; they are not judging national situations as sensible, calm, cool people would do, and the result is suspicion and war. It can only end in a terrible disaster. Few people realise how near we have been to that during the last 12 months.”

WE confess that the words which we have just quoted fill us with something like dismay. They are a proclamation of the complete failure of high idealism in politics, and a renouncement of responsibility for disaster by the man at the helm. It is the business of statesmanship to find a way out of intolerable situations, and to create the new conditions in which justice and goodwill will at least have an even chance with jealousy and suspicion. All this public confession of failure and



peril will bring no cleansing to our souls. It is useless to cry, "Who will deliver us from the body of this death?" unless we can also say "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory." It is prophets of victory, not spokesmen of woe, that we need among our politicians. The greatest opportunity of modern statesmanship is awaiting the man who will resolutely set his hand to the tasks of international peace and make the cause of limitation of armaments his own, not accepting feeble excuses for failure or laying the blame upon other people, until we ourselves have done our highest and our uttermost for the good cause.

\* \* \*

THE amount paid in old age pensions in England and Wales in 1911-12 was nearly £8,000,000. There has been a remarkable diminution in the statistics of old age pauperism since 1906, amounting to an aggregate of 74·8 per cent. In about 90 Unions there were no persons over 70 in receipt of outdoor-relief on January 4, 1913. Or to put the matter in another and more striking way, for every 100 persons of seventy and upwards who were in receipt of outdoor-relief in 1906, there are now only 5. These figures are a triumphant vindication of the Old Age Pensions Act, and they support the truth of the contention, which has been so hotly disputed by some reformers, that it is possible to attack the problem of pauperism in departments, without casting the whole administration of the Poor Law into the melting pot. If the children and the mentally defective can be dealt with in a similar way, the Guardians will be left with the incurably idle and the semi-criminal as their chief problem, and no one with practical experience will deny that it will be much easier to solve it satisfactorily when the work-house population has become more uniform in quality through a gradual process of elimination.

\* \* \*

THE Report of the Select Committee appointed to inquire into the work and wages of Post Office servants recommends shorter hours and some increase of pay in the case of postmen. We are sure that this will meet with general approval from the public. There is no class of men who cater for our needs with greater care and efficiency. A letter lost or delivered at the wrong address is such a rare occurrence, that we count confidently in all the daily business of life upon its never happening at all. On the question of Christmas-boxes, which are understood to be a profitable source of income, the Committee expresses its dislike of the system, but hesitates to recommend its abolition. Here we think they have made a mistake. Tipping is always a disagreeable business, and in the case of employment which is paid for by the taxes it should be neither expected nor

desired. Postmen ought to receive adequate wages, and to consider it beneath the dignity of the Government service to accept bonuses from the public.

\* \* \*

THERE was an element of historical justice in the presence of the Bishop of Winchester at the unveiling of the monument to the Pilgrim Fathers at Southampton last week. The fine address by the American Ambassador struck exactly the right note for the occasion, emphasizing the religious simplicity, the passion for freedom and the independence of character, which were the noblest gifts of England to America. The men who sailed in the *Mayflower*, he said, "differed from all other colonists in this, that—to use Lowell's fine phrase—they were the only colony that went in search of God and not of gold. They made the Deity a partner in their enterprise. In this fact you strike the true note of their greatness; for to men who know that God guides them, misfortunes become invitations to renewed effort. To them there is no such thing as discouragement. Untoward events are merely ordered acts of discipline, and every failure becomes a step towards ultimate success. When success is thus made inevitable, when men thus link themselves to destiny, they take on heroic stature, and, if they happen to fall in with historic conditions, they clothe themselves with immortality."

\* \* \*

In a later part of his address Mr. Page paid a glowing tribute to the love of liberty which was at once the inspiration of this bold adventure and an expression of the divine destiny of the race:—

"In the beginning it was the right to worship according to one's conscience—a form of liberty that is fundamental, and that the persecutors of the Pilgrims themselves soon learned. That became, of course, one of the pillars of New World life and of the great republic that came afterwards. Then the same spirit took the form of sympathy and of a hearty welcome to all who were politically oppressed. To worship according to one's conscience implied living and working without rules laid down by others; and this, also with inevitableness, led straight to the republican form of government and a democratic structure of society. There was no escape from it. The *Mayflower* carried the seeds of all republican institutions, including even the seeds of recurring intolerances. Then this same linking with destiny took other forms besides freedom of worship and freedom of work. It took the form of freedom of opinion on all subjects. After you have won the right of freedom of worship you may, from old habit for a time, persecute others for freedom of opinion. But you cannot persecute them

long, for when you have opened the gates of liberty wide enough for religious and political freedom they can never be closed against the crowds that throng there for entrance. And freedom of opportunity came with freedom of work and freedom of opinion. And these are all parts of destiny. These adventurers into untried experiences in freedom hitched their wagon to a star, and no other mode of travel has since been permissible in the republic's high-roads. It is destiny yet, destiny born of English character, that still regards failures as invitations to renewed effort."

\* \* \*

MR. PAGE concluded with a few impressive words of dedication, in which he reaffirmed the Puritan faith and ideal as still the strongest bond of union between England and America:—

"This monument," he said, "is one of the pillars of the hope of mankind. The sons of those men whose immortal achievement it commemorates are drawn nearer to you by this tribute to their fathers and they give you their reverent thanks; and to-day this is their message: The old impulse of our destiny-led race, whatever new forms it may take with the changing years, is not yet spent. The high, grim spirit of the Pilgrim still lives."

\* \* \*

WRITING to *The Times* on Thursday, in the discussion on the Old and the New Nonconformity to which we referred last week, the Rev. Alfred Fawkes has described admirably what Canon Sanday probably means. "Is not the distinction between the Old and the New Nonconformity," he asks, "one of general culture rather than either religion or politics as such? The Dissenter of 'Friendship's Garland' is no longer representative; it is not to the Nonconformists that Mr. Arnold, were he still with us, would go for his typical Philistine to-day. For dissent does not now connote intellectual or social separation; it is consistent with public school and university education, with official life, with the knowledge and practice of affairs. Hence its serener air and more spacious horizons. The National Church has a larger historical background. But its actual temper is narrower than one would expect from its history and surroundings; while that of the Free Churches is wider than one would expect from theirs." This comment is illuminating and just, though it has comparatively little bearing upon the question of the continuance of the official bond between Church and State. Mr. Fawkes, however, is probably right when he adds, "Welsh Nonconformity, as a whole, is of the older type," and suggests that this fact has some bearing upon the vehemence with which the campaign for Welsh Disestablishment has been carried on.



## NEWSPAPERS.

THE presidential address delivered by Mr. ROBERT DONALD at the annual conference of the Institute of Journalists on Monday was well calculated to arrest attention and at the same time to arouse many misgivings. The vision, which he conjured up in his brilliant survey of the development of the modern newspaper, was that of a colossal financial octopus sucking the life-blood from independent effort and controlling the whole trade in news in its own interest. In the last 20 years, he pointed out, there has been a check in the increase of newspapers, the Press has become commercialized, and under corporate ownership the main concern of shareholders, who are investors and not journalists, is their dividends, "and dividends must be earned even if principle has to suffer in the process." All this has led to a tremendous speeding up of machinery, to an increasing dependence upon advertisements which is full of menace to the weaker newspapers, and to newspaper combines which concentrate journalistic control over large areas in a few hands.

Mr. DONALD has the excitement of this newspaper world in his blood, and he is full of admiration for its superb organisation and efficient machinery. From the purely professional point of view he thinks that journalism is better than it used to be; the position of the journalist has improved, and there are more openings for men of bright wits and smart organising capacity. The larger questions of the effect of concentrated ownership on the politics, morals, or well-being of the nation hardly enter into his survey, though he acknowledges that modern conditions "place enormous power to sway public opinion in the hands of a few people. They can influence public opinion by what is published, and mislead it by what is omitted. Greater power over the public mind," he adds, "should always be accompanied by a greater sense of responsibility."

But this is the crux of the whole matter, for no newspaper can be really efficient, however large its circulation may be, unless it fulfils its primary function as an organ of accurate information and real thinking upon current events. As the public comes to realise the presence of organised commercial interests controlling the whole policy of many of the largest newspapers, we believe that there will be

a fresh demand for an independent press. A policy of exploitation of the public mind breaks down when once it has been adequately exposed. For this reason we take a rather more favourable view, than Mr. DONALD is inclined to do, of the future of the smaller newspapers. There will always be minorities who demand representation, and ideals of freedom and justice with sufficient support behind them to secure a fitting advocacy in the Press. At the present time several of these smaller organs have an influence quite out of proportion to their modest circulation. They are read and pondered and often passed from hand to hand, while the popular halfpenny newspaper is skimmed at the breakfast-table or in the train and then thrown aside and forgotten. They may lack some of the sensational qualities of more commercial ventures, and appear at times a trifle dull in the company of their smartly-dressed rivals, but they have in them the saving salt of a proud independence, and that is an incalculable benefit to all the higher interests of national life.

## CHINA AND INDIAN OPIUM.

At the end of his three months' visit to England as delegate from the National Opium Prohibition Union of China, Lieutenant-General Chang has issued a statement to the Public of Great Britain. He emphasizes once again the difficulties which are placed in the way of the reform movement in China by England's policy of insisting upon her right to import Indian opium, until the stocks at the treaty ports are exhausted.

"Our people," he says, "are in deadly earnest to get rid of this evil. No one in China who smokes opium can vote or become a public official. They cannot help feeling resentment against the country which is forcing upon us the very article by which we are degraded and disgraced. Such conditions are indeed intolerable when we reflect that we are sacrificing millions of revenue and hundreds of lives and struggling against enormous difficulties, and that a foreign country forces us to receive the poison which we are so earnestly endeavouring to stamp out."

This is a moving appeal from a nation which is trying its hardest to do right. Our Government does not, we believe, dispute the general accuracy of the statement, though it makes the most of the fact that the production of Chinese opium has

not been stamped out altogether. It will be an inglorious close to a shameful chapter in our dealings with China, if we put off the day of honourable friendship as long as possible and once again allow financial considerations to take precedence of the claims of righteousness.

## THE LIBERAL CHRISTIAN PULPIT

### "BACK TO THE LAND."

BY THE REV. J. M. LLOYD-THOMAS.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters: he restoreth my soul."—PSALM xxiii. 2, 3.

MANY of us are at this time of the year in the mood of holidays, and these words are appropriate to the season. For they are vital with health and life and the overflowing joy of Nature. Of the man who wrote these words we know nothing definitely: he is one of the world's nameless immortals. Centuries have rolled into the dark since the warm heart that first beat to these rhythmic phrases mingled with its native dust. Whoever he may have been, we are certain that he was a true poet with a strong love for the country and a deep knowledge of its many ministries. And as we read his words to-day we feel that the long lapse of time has not availed to separate him even by a hand's-breadth from the eager sympathy of our modern mind. The critics may tell us that he could not have been David, and they are doubtless right; but at any rate they must permit us to think of him still as a shepherd lad who moved among the far fells and plains of the Holy Land, having quiet kinship with the sounds and silences of day and night. He had, we may imagine, pensively watched his flock and learned that deeper lore of life which comes only of meditation and communion under the bare sky. The opening beauty of the dawn had moved his wonder; the bright and sultry noon had driven him to cool retreats where waters ran. The calm tranquillity of evening brought its own wistful quiet and contemplation, and night and the silver music of the stars throbbed to his throbbing soul. To grow thus is a liberal education which no system can rival or supply. It is to be trained in the best and wisest of all schools; it is to worship in the holiest and most glorious of all temples.

As he lived a free life in the open air, Nature played upon his spirit as upon the strings of a harp. His brow had felt the delicious coolness of the dew; his eyes, weary of the blinding sun, learned to dwell on the restful shadows where the grass was wet and green. His soul was virgin and young to receive impressions of the unfading freshness of fields and fountains. In the loneliness of these first experiences his affections would cling with gentle passion about all he saw, so that he became a friend of the



flock and watched and loved his several sheep as playmates and children. In their waywardness he would lead them along paths of plenty; in their folly he would guard them from danger. Wide horizons and great spaces would expand his being—giving it a breadth and amplitude of range which no artificial culture can ever give; and his growing spirit would be trained in the first gracious ways of a natural and poetic religion. And when long brooding blossomed into thoughts of God, how could he better conceive of Him than as the Great Shepherd of Israel? And so he puts these words into form and makes his people sing:—

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters: he restoreth my soul."

It was no new devotional image that he had invented, no new metaphor that he had discovered, but an accepted simile dear to the heart of a simple pastoral people—a figure of speech full of the familiar things of a frugal life, speaking of care for wayward beings proverbially weak and easily led astray. It spoke of guardianship and vigilance and defence from beasts of prey; of courage and daring and risk to seek and save the lost; of tact to allay panic and restore trust; of skill to gather together and marshal into companies. It spoke of the deepening hush of twilight and of the last tender shepherd-ing into the still folds at night. It was natural and beautiful that the terms of daily life should have been the chosen terms in which they loved to think of God.

"He shall feed his flock like a shepherd. He shall gather the lambs in his arms and carry them in his bosom."

And the old, tender language is re-consecrated by Jesus and passes into our most intimate devotions, so that Christ becomes the Good Shepherd of Christendom.

The 23rd Psalm is thus not in any special or peculiar sense a sick-bed psalm, but rather a psalm of the country and of the open air—cool with the silver shock of running brooks and fresh and invigorating with the breath of the wide plains and far-stretching hills. It speaks to us as to men and women who have not yet forgotten the ancestral life of the fields. Even though we ourselves be city-bred it touches some remote centre of our being, some dim memory as of a pre-existent day when these things were personal experiences to us also. It revives long-buried desires, after a more natural mode of living. We who are pent up in streets, choked by the dust and deafened by the din of the town, long to burst the fetters of routine and escape into the country. There we can breathe and recover the lost elasticity of limb and soul. There in primeval contact with the earth we may regain not only strength of body but youth and buoyancy of soul. Merely to submit ourselves to the healing restorative influences of sun and wind and rain is to put forth new buds of hope and effort, and experience a fresh blossoming of all our lost ideals. The hard crust of habit breaks under the softening spell, and the essential man in us finds leisure and opportunity to live. There are changes in our inner life which we cannot by any

exercise of will work for ourselves, but which may be wrought upon us if we watch and wait in a "wise passiveness." There is a philosophy of lying fallow and permitting Nature to freshen us with her own fertility.

Think you 'mid all this mighty sum  
Of things for ever speaking  
That nothing of itself will come  
But we must still be seeking.

There is a religion of submission and trust—of allowing ourselves to lie down in green pastures, of permitting ourselves to be led by still waters that God may restore our souls.

I wonder if some such experience as this has ever chanced to you? After a night of rain you wake to the blue brightness of a perfect day, and in exhilaration of spirit you enter eagerly on a country walk. You seek the woods and find the ground still wet, save in patches where the hot sun, penetrating through a break in the trees, has thirstily drunk up the rain. In shadowy spots the grass is sparkling with a thousand crystals, and earth seems at the moment like a beautiful human face smiling through tears. The sadness of mortal things lingers upon it, but the sweet day is softly soothing it all away. On such a morning you have, perhaps, seated yourself under the spreading branches of a tree and found yourself curiously listening to all the mysterious wood noises. Presently there is a strange rustle as of some wild creature in the undergrowth, but you watch in vain. Again you hear it; and now see that it comes from a movement in leaves above your head. You think it is a bird or squirrel, and you watch for it, but again you see nothing. At last you observe that it is only the leaves and twigs disentangling themselves in the heat of the day and springing back to their natural freedom after being beaten and pressed together by the night's downpour. The sun has warmed and dried their sodden mass, and they suddenly regain their liberty and dance once more in the light. It was all so invisibly done by the unsuspected restorative power of sun and air.

Ah! But more noiselessly and invisibly does God by unsuspected influences heal the bruises of our hearts. He moves through our being more quietly than the undulating air through the leaves; more graciously than the light of the sun. He restoreth our soul. In lonely moments, and merely by our waiting, small bonds that bound us to the cares of our calling, or to the things of sense snap asunder one by one, and life swings free into the liberty and joy of the love of God.

It is thus that a convalescent feels when after long illness he begins to taste again the savour and sweetness of health. It was thus that George Herbert, broken by affliction and having lost his quaint gift of song, felt the power of his inspiration return to him with a glad and sweet surprise.

Now in age—I bud again  
After so many deaths, I live and write,  
I once more smell the dew and rain  
And relish versing—O my only Light,

It cannot be  
That I am he

On whom Thy tempests fell all night.

But you and I, my friends, are doomed to pine in cities, and more often in vision than in reality indulge in the pleasures of a rural life. Yet they are not wholly denied to any one of us. Merely to reflect that in places where we have been, which we may not now or perhaps ever again visit except in dreams and memories—merely to reflect that in such places there still abides the beauty and the peace of Nature—this is in itself an uplifting thought. Merely to look up through the narrow cleft of the street at night and see the lovely and mysterious moon, and consider that at that very moment it is shining with a serene and holy radiance on the silent hills of childhood, which we know and love so well—even that is a refreshing exercise of the spirit.

And we can all do so much more than this to gladden and exalt our life. Merely to look for one instant at a cluster of blowing flowers is so far to submit our soul to a purifying joy. To grow them and expose them, though it be but on a window sill, is so far to redeem the dreariness of the street and help to transform the slum into a garden city. To walk but one mile outside the outskirts of the town and hear the song of the lark—that is to listen to one clear call to lift up our hearts and rejoice in God. "There are moments," said that fine old modern pagan, Richard Jefferies, "there are moments when the earth is so beautiful that sorrow seems a dream. It cannot be—it is not real—this regret. We have fancied it or surely the sun would not shine, the water sparkle like this."

Such moments, alas! too rare for us who dwell in towns, we may at least multiply—and for others as well as for ourselves. I know no diviner kindness than the provision of holidays and country homes of rest for tired workers and sufferers with exhausted bodies and spent souls. And beyond all this it seems to me that anything that can bring the country into the town, and the town nearer the country, is a worthy aim for the best statesmanship and the noblest philanthropy. It is to increase the true health and wealth of the people and heighten the joy of the nation. It is to make men realise that our words are not all metaphor when we recite, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters, He restoreth my soul."

And I would confess, in conclusion, that this seems to me an ideal not only for time but for everlasting. I often think that the best heaven we can wish for after death is just the chance of enjoying this dear old earth as Christ must have seen it in Galilee by the shores of Genessaret, the old, old earth as God has made it, for the delight and labour of man—this earth where so many of us are now doomed to live with blind eyes and irresponsible hearts. To come back to it so as really to see it as poets may see it, and as Christ saw it when, with leisure and wisdom to enjoy it all in the right way, he walked and mused on the mountain slopes: to come back to it—that would be heaven enough.

It is surely no pagan profanity of heart that makes all that imagery of golden streets and pearly gates and crystal



sea so unattractive sometimes as an end of our being. Nature would be great enough for us were we but great enough for Nature.

I, at any rate, will pray with a minor minstrel of our own day :

Not streets of gold for weary, earth-worn feet,

But grassy ways, made fair with flow'r and fern,

And leafy boughs, to make a cool retreat,

Where tired steps may turn ;

And sunshine, and the sighs of many a breeze,

And glimpses of far hills between the trees.

Dear God, no crystal sea, but cool, green waves,

That croon a love song to a greener land,

A summer sea, whose shining ripple laves

A stretch of silver sand ;

And 'mid the meadow-grasses let there be Tangles of tiny streams that seek the sea.

And let the human voice be hushed, that here

Breaks the soft silence of our earthly glades ;

But let there still be birds, that sing for mere

Delight in serenades

Sweeter than lute or harp, or human praise,

The songs of glory that the woodbirds raise !

And, for our sweet relief, let there be showers

Amid the sunshine, and the summer's heat ;

Translucent veils of mist, to cool the bowers

And keep the blossoms sweet ;

And on the boughs a fringe of rain-drops bright

Like diamonds, for the dainty leaves' delight.

And let there still be dark and twilight grey,

Else we should need no pale moon lit above,

And no dear stars that crown the dying day—

The tender stars we love ;

Else we should miss our sunset's roseate gold,

And, with each dawn, our sunrise fair and cold.

Dear God, we love this world Thou gavest us,

Its bowers and blossoms and its grassy ways,

Make not Thy Heaven gold and glorious For us to sing Thy praise ;

Dear God, e'en our presumption would not dare

To lift a voice in thankfulness or prayer.

Awed by our knowledge of unworthiness, We should not dare to tread Thy streets of gold,

Nor should we dare, even a moment's space,

Thy beauty to behold ;

Nor 'mid the music of Thy angel choir, Could lift one note of song from voice or lyro.

But in a world of dear familiar ways With those we love to hear and help the strain,

Our thankful hearts would sing Thee songs of praise

Freed from their sorrow's stain.

So hear our pray'r, dear God, and let there be

Green paths for gold, cool waves for crystal sea.\*

## LIFE, RELIGION & AFFAIRS.

### PARADISE: YONDER AND HERE.

#### II.

THERE is, then, the call or the challenge of two worlds ; and they who would live the rich, full life—the life of passion charged with peace—respond to both. Here, on this stage of earthly conflicts we are set to play our parts ; in a world of material forms, where social duties and problems of human need make ceaseless appeal, where personal desires and hungers of the flesh assert their claims—here, for a while, is our place of action and endurance and struggle. And here, amid the conflicting motives of this world's strife, is the great stimulus to *passion*, the insatiable demand of life itself for strenuousness and ardour in the pursuit of that which seems most worth while. But, also, and in the midst of the strife and turmoil of material claims, there is the challenge of the inner and immaterial world. Something impinges on us or wells up within us, from realms of the intangible voiceless reality of spirit. And to be sensitive to that, to encourage the mood of awareness and of swift response to that, is a necessity of nature—is as natural and trustworthy as the response of the senses to the appeal or the stimulus of material forms. And to be loyal to this claim of our mysterious soul-life, while keeping faith with the outer man, too, is to attain oftentimes, amid our rough wayfarings here, those uplands of serene holiness where the friendly angels of paradise pass and re-pass, bearing for us “ardour and peace,” whereof the fruition is a pure, sufficing joy.

For in that realm where more unseen, on wings that make no noise, our thoughts, our hopes, our fears, our aspirations—in the world of spiritual visions and ideas (which, also, like this world of visible things, is “the world of all of us”), *peace* dwells and may securely be enthroned. Passion is there, too, ardour inexhaustible ; but the strife or strenuousness it begets knows not the wild, discordant ravings of the outer, lower self and its needs. The fierce competing struggle for mere possessions, the lust of sordid ownership, the foolish greed for place and privilege and power—these dread destroyers of our peace have no rightful ingress there. The love of truth, the delight in beauty, the desire for justice and for “joy in widest commonalty spread”—such, and the great

mystic impulses of religion, are the tendencies that most prevail there ; and these do not make for strife and its futile ravings, nor change comrades into competitors, as the struggle for material treasure so often does. These possessions of the inner life we may seek, alone or in fellowship, troubled by no confused or contentious purposes, unanxious lest, if one succeed, another should fail ; but knowing that the gain of each is the good of all, that gain for all is good for each. Truth, Justice, Reverence, the Vision of Beauty, the Lordliness of Love—or whatever be the great names for the soul's true riches—are not things over which we strive one against another, and lose our self-control in fierce contention ; they are possessions of limitless scope and affluence, free to all who care enough to seek them duly, waiting to be known and prized by every awakened mind.

And thus it is that as we let the wonders of the unseen order of beauty and of all beneficent life impinge upon us, as we keep ourselves intimately aware of them, however busy with the affairs of external interest, we may enter, here and now, that paradise which Dante saw and sang, wherein the Light Intellectual that is full of love, “peace that is passionate and passion that is peaceful,” are as the breath of life for all who, in freedom of spirit, abide there and keep faith with truth.

Yet, though we may consent to this as a pleasing possibility of religious idealism, the power to maintain our citizenship of both worlds by realising them as one in our deepest life, may seem withheld from all but a chosen few. For to most of us the appeal of the outward and visible is so strong, the tyranny of material demands so masterful, that the claim of the inner is rarely felt, and too often meets with no response. The bodily appetites and desires are persistently assertive ; the lure of the senses withholds its enticement hardly for an hour ; and to some the struggle for a bare physical subsistence knows no pause and no relenting. Only for a few great mystics or visionaries can the unseen and spiritual always command the heart. In a note to his “Ode on Intimations of Immortality in Childhood,” and speaking of his own early experience, Wordsworth says : “I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature. Many times have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from this abyss of idealism. At that time I was afraid of such processes. In later periods I have deplored (as we all have reason to do) a subjugation of an opposite nature.” The experience recorded there is, of course, altogether exceptional, and the “subjugation” which the poet deplures is common enough.

And yet, if we reflect a little, it becomes obvious that the world we know best—that aspect of the double-seeming universe which is most directly and intimately real to us, is not that which makes its appeal through the senses, but that which is within or beyond all sense impressions. For the sphere of external things we know indirectly, at second-hand, so to speak ; the sphere of our inward and spiritual life

\* “Hereafter,” from Songs from a Twilight Nook. By Winifred Sutcliffe. London: Percy Lund, Humphries & Co., 3, Amen Corner.



we know as immediate and vital consciousness—at first hand, by intuition or feeling or intimate soul-vision. Of outward and material objects we are aware only through their images, present to, or within, the mind. The actual existence of these objects in an external world is an *inference*; the existence of that external world itself is an inference—a perfectly legitimate inference, but no more. We believe in it and its manifold forms as existing there, because we trust, and rightly trust, the evidence of the senses as confirmed by the long consensus of human experience. We *believe* in it; and this means that, in the material world, we “walk by faith.” But in the spiritual world we walk by sight, by the vision that has direct knowledge, and needs no intervening medium. We are always a little uncertain of things in the world of externalities, as if, in part, we were aliens or foreigners there. In the realm or fatherland of spirit we are native and at home. As conscious, thinking, intuitive, spiritual creatures, we live and move and have our true being there; our refuge, our sure abiding place, our “house not made with hands” is there in the invisible order of soul-life.

This ethereal country, then, is not really strange to any of us or remote from our vital experience; and to feel ourselves moved and persuaded to live as citizens of that country, as well as of this land of our physical birth, is but to respond to the call to live *naturally*, to live in fellowship with all other souls and with the Great Soul of the World. The true mystic, after all, is the most natural and simple-minded of human beings. And it is when, quite simply and with easily surrendered will, we go over to the company of the true mystics, that we enter into the secret of that peace which is profound as the ocean of eternity, and yet eager, passionate, progressive as the endlessly flowing stream of time. For there is no occasion for discord and contention here, as in the sphere of material possessions and cravings, and yet plentiful occasion for ardour and the ascending effort. When we live naturally as human beings should; when we discern that our most obvious and abiding citizenship is “in heaven”—that our fellowship with others is a spiritual one, that it is not the contact of our bodies, but of our minds that makes all friendship possible, and must, in the end, create the world-wide comradeship of the race—then no alien thoughts or distracting, self-purposive cares remain to us; we are delivered from the confused and aimless strife of illusions which rules so largely in the external world. That world is all right, in its way—or rather, from our human point of view, and in many human relations, it is nearly all wrong; we have to think and love and labour to get it put right—to make justice and goodwill, and ordered peace triumphant there, as Dante saw them in heaven. With all our inwardness and native holiness of spirit, we are also “of the earth, earthy”; and I, for one, like to be. The earth and her creatures, human and not human, her soil and its amazing productiveness, her grass and flowers, her waters, clouds and hills, even her *weather*—storms and mists and disconcerting vicissitudes of climate—yea, even our dark and dreadful cities, have their fascinations, sometimes weird and

fearsome, sometimes winning and seductive and full of charm. Let none despise or think meanly of the visible world and the tangible forms of things and people. They have their place in our life, their relative value for the soul. But the soul itself, and the soul of all other creatures, and the Great Soul of the world—these are our real friends; these make our living universe; these give us sufficing joy; these are the strength of our hearts and our portion for ever. And when we are true to the simplest facts of our nature, when we perceive that what determines for us the worth and meaning of the commonest everyday experience is not the outward happenings or the material possessions or the transient comforts and disasters of the bodily life, but *the way we take these things*, the spirit in which we reckon with them, the attitude of mind with which we accept and dispose of them, then almost without effort we may enter our paradise, here and now, and find it to be just the inner side of this everyday world, “which is the world of all of us.”

I read the other day a wonderful account of a man's struggle with adverse conditions among the hills. He was travelling alone through a wild region of the Rocky Mountains. High up amid the snows he was overtaken by a terrific storm. He was without food, and many miles from the nearest house; he had injured his foot by a fall on the rocks, so that he could walk only with difficulty and in great pain, yet was compelled to continue moving or be overcome by the cold. The situation as he describes it was appalling. But the man is not appalled; he is inspired. “By mid-afternoon the air grew colder, and the snow began to deepen on the earth, but on and on I went. Years of training among the hills had given me physical endurance, and this, *along with a peculiar mental attitude* which Nature had developed within me, from being alone in her wild places, at all seasons, gave me a rare trust in her, and enthusiastic confidence in the ultimate success of whatever I attempted to accomplish out of doors.” There in those quiet words is the secret of victorious power. The physical endurance, of course, would account for much; but how much more the “mental attitude.” Without the former he would have died on the mountains; but with the latter—his “rare trust” in the subtle powers of nature—he would have died unconquered; with both, as by a miracle, he came through triumphant—calmly, exultingly, as a man inspired, naturally, from within.

One takes an extreme and exceptional incident such as this to illustrate one's meaning. But the principle is there, as vitally, in the everyday and quite homely affairs of life. Seize on the central facts of experience; recognise the real world to which we all belong; keep the mind aware of an unseen and spiritual order; and there follows a serenity of strength which will often conquer the most adverse difficulties; and when it does not, and we are outwardly beaten, the soul still rises victorious over circumstance, and the central peace remains unbroken still.

To scorn, as mere illusion or appearance, the outer and visible world, with its beauty and terror, its charm and destructiveness, is but a wayward perversion of this simple

idealism. To treat lightly the material needs and sufferings, the wrongs and oppressions of sentient creatures, is to play with the real problems and duties given us to reckon with here, on this earthly stage. This outward scene of things is the field of our activity and adventure now; and to play our part there bravely, and as efficiently as we can, is just the noble chance offered to each of us every day. But to be *lost* among these material conditions and demands, to be immersed in the flux and vicissitude of fleeting objects of the sense-world, is simply to invite disaster. Our strength is not there; our riches are not there; our sufficing joy is not there. We belong to the invisible; we are citizens of the Unseen. The realm of ideas, thoughts, emotions, affections, visions—this is where we are really *at home*, and where the bread of life is broken for us, where the wine and milk of soul-nourishment are offered to us daily, without money and without price. To take life on this material plane as given, to accept it naturally, in all its rigour and relentlessness of appeal, and yet to see through it and know it as permeated with spiritual significance, as charged with hidden meaning and purpose, whereof the inner self has some cognisance and some sure control—to perform every physical act and endure every physical disaster, as having an interest and value for the soul—to live thus *in both worlds* and know them to be one in our own consciousness and in the final purpose of the whole—this is to find our heaven, here and now, and to wait unconcerned and unperplexed as to any heaven yonder that may be reserved for the victors and the failures in life's long struggle of forward reaching hope.

W. J. JUPP.

## A PRESBYTERIAN WORTHY.

### I.

“SEPTEMBER 2nd, 1729.—Mr. Samuel Eaton was ordained at Knutsford. Mr. Lea began with prayer, reading some portions of Scripture, and a Psalm was sung. Mr. Mottershed prayed; Mr. Gardner preached on John, XVI, 11. Mr. Eaton delivered the confession of his faith; Dr. Owen proposed the questions; Mr. Worthington, of Dean Row, prayed at ye laying on of hands; and I gave the exhortation and concluded.”

“May 8th, 1744.—At Manchester. Dined with 39 ministers, at the cost of Mr. Butterworth.”

“Thomas Butterworth was a trustee of Cross Street Chapel, Manchester. He married a daughter of Sir Robert Dukinfield, and died 15th December, 1745, aged 62.”

These words are entries in a diary many portions of which would interest the readers of THE INQUIRER if only they had access thereto. The object of the present article is to convey some notion of it.

In the Journal of the Derbyshire Archaeological and Natural History Society for the present year there is an account by Mr. Henry Kirk, M.A., B.C.L., of the diary of the Rev. James Clegg, M.D., a Presbyterian minister during the first half of the eighteenth century at Chapel-en-le-Frith. And in the Dictionary of



National Biography there is an article on "Dr. James Clegg, M.D.," by C. W. S. (probably Mr. C. W. Sutton, of the Manchester Free Library); but whilst in this article there is mention of half a dozen of Clegg's publications, there is no reference at all to the diary. It was obviously unknown to C. W. S., and its existence, so far as the public is concerned, is a new discovery. This diary is a most valuable and interesting contribution to our knowledge of the religious, ecclesiastical, social, and even political life of this country during the period which it covers.

Mr. Kirk tells us:—"This diary is contained in a folio book of 265 pages, written on rough paper, and with ink which in some cases has faded almost to obscurity. The leaves of the book have been reverently repaired by its present owner (Mr. Greaves-Bagshawe, of Ford Hall), but in some places even his care has failed to recover certain entries which had become undecipherable. The writing is small and cramped, and the pages are divided into two columns, each containing about 800 words, so the length of the whole is considerable. At the end of the diary in a different handwriting is the following statement:—

"This diary is at length come into the possession of Margaret Henrietta Fry, great-granddaughter of Dr. Clegg by his daughter Mrs. Middleton. She has been surveying with sincere pleasure the remains of her pious ancestor. May she become a follower of him in faith and practice."

Mr. Kirk adds:—"The diary itself is a perfect treasury illustrating the manners and morals of a country district at the period in which it was written, and in its disarming frankness and homely details it reminds us of the immortal Pepys."

Mr. Kirk's article on it proves him to have a rare power of discrimination, a genius for choosing what is characteristic and attractive. In his seventy-four pages of about twenty-three thousand words, he gives an exquisitely drawn and shaded and life-like miniature of the man and his surroundings.

The following outline facts are from the article by C. W. S. in the Dict. Nat. Biog.:—"James Clegg, M.D. (1679-1755), Presbyterian minister, born at Shawfield, in the parish of Rochdale, on Oct. 20th, 1679, was educated by the Rev. Richard Frankland at Rathmell, near Settle, and the Rev. John Chorlton, at Manchester. In 1702 he settled as minister of a Presbyterian congregation at Malcoff, a mile and a quarter from Chapel-en-le-Frith, in succession to the Rev. William Bagshawe, 'the Apostle of the Peak,' and in 1711 he removed to Chinley, where a chapel had been built, partly from the materials of the old Malcoff meeting-house. At Chinley he remained till his death, on August 5, 1755. He qualified himself as a medical man, and obtained the degree of M.D. During his long residence in the Peak he gained great respect for his distinguished abilities and kindly character."

"The diary begins (says Mr. Kirk) to be regularly kept in 1708, but on his fiftieth birthday, Oct. 20th, the worthy

minister gives us a short biography of himself." From this it appears that Clegg's maternal grandfather, Livesey, of Bury, sometimes entertained at his house Oliver Heywood; that he himself was the son of a clothier; that an uncle of his was the non-conformist minister at Chowbent; that this minister afterwards conformed and married a granddaughter of that Mr. Cheetham who had founded the Cheetham Hospital and Library at Manchester, so that the autobiographer, if himself of little note at first, came within touching distance of notable people.

At seven years of age he became a scholar of the free school at Rochdale, and of himself, at that time, he thus narrates:—

"Following a horse one day at a considerable distance, I found a horse-shoe. When I overtook the horse I observed he wanted a shoe, and began to doubt whether I ought not to deliver it to the owner of the horse; but as I had not seen the horse cast it, nor was sure it was his, I ventured to keep it, in hopes of selling it and buying some plumbs, which I did with an uneasy conscience. As I was eating the plumbs one of them stuck in my throat, and went near to choak me, but at last I parted with it when almost stifled. This made me reflect with a sorrowful heart on ye dishonest part I had acted, and I resolved to do ye like no more."

At ten years of age, in 1689, Clegg was sent to a school at Oldham, kept by John Whittaker, where he remained five years. He complains of the evil influence of the elder scholars there, who taught the younger, the master being a lax disciplinarian, wicked words and habits. Speaking of these influences, he says, "the effects I shall have reason to lament as long as I live."

In 1694 Clegg was sent to Jeremiah Barlow's school, at Blakeley (now Blackley, though locally pronounced Blakeley), and to board at Blakeley Hall with Mr. Edward Hides. He says:—

"After some time I grew more remiss in my studies, being unhappily drawn aside by the cunning of a young woman in ye house, who had a design to procure me to marry her, and it was owing to a kind and remarkable Providence that it was prevented. Ye master of ye school discovered ye intrigue, and informed my parents, who hastened me away to the Academy sooner than I otherwise should have gone." This appears to have taken place in Clegg's sixteenth year.

At Rathmell he found eighty other students; studied logic in the systems of both Aristotle and his opponent Ramus, and "went thro' metaphysick and pneumatology"; and, in fact, at first he worked so hard that he became ill.

"A swelling in my throat of very great bigness; the surgeon called it a bastard quincy. There appeared a necessity for lancing it, and my father was sent for to see the operation. Ye surgeon was very much afraid of meeting with ye Jugular arteries, and did not pierce deep enough at first, but I bore it well and begd he would go deeper, which he did and succeeded well." Blessed be the discoverers of anaesthetics!

It would be harsh to apply to the student the words—

The devil was sick, the devil a saint would be;

The devil was well, a devil of a saint was he:

but scarcely was Clegg's health restored when behold what followed:—

"I was persuaded to smook Tobacco, which drew me into inconveniences and caused the loss of much precious time. Too much of it was also spent in conversing with the ladies, Mr. Frankland's daughters, which first led me to poetry and Novels, and such like trash, which I found reason to wish I had never meddled with."

Whilst at Rathmell, Clegg manifested his courage by a heroic attempt to rescue a fellow student from drowning in the Ribble, which, however, was not successful.

In 1699 he left Rathmell and went to reside in Manchester for the sake of better access to books, but his conscience soon began to reproach him for the company he was keeping, and then, after a short stay at Rochdale, he became chaplain in the family of Mr. Frankland, his old tutor. But here, as he says, "having no Persons of learning and ingenuity to converse with, I was by degrees drawn to converse too much with some gentlemen in the neighbourhood too much given to tippling, which was very prejudicial to me."

Again he fell into ill health, and was at home for a year fearing consumption, and idle except for his habits of study, and some first exercises of preaching.

HALLIWELL THOMAS.

(To be continued.)

## THEN AND NOW.

KITTY-THE-TROT had carried the post for the Big House for so many years that she was said to be "as well known as a beggin' ass" along the lonely roads she traversed every day. Indeed, the children there accepted as part of that unconscious life which in youth bids fair to last for ever, the daily advent of the little old woman, swathed in scanty, weather-beaten garments, trudging along with the short hurrying step that had earned her her nickname. But she is gone, years ago, and another reigns in her stead.

The way Kitty became postman was this: Her husband, Mickey Holohan, worked in a stone-quarry till he lost the sight of his two eyes, God help him! One day there was blasting going on there; he had been warned to quit, the Gaffer declared, but as everyone knew, poor Mickey was as stupid as a bogstick. He may have been meddling with the fuse. Anyway, how it happened didn't matter. There was no Workman's Compensation to be had then.

It was felt that himself was "doing the dacent thing," when he gave the poor dark man the job of running with the post for the Big House at a salary of something like one and ninepence weekly, with an old suit of clothes thrown in.

This was not so bad then as it sounds now. Rural Ireland had a universal minimum wage, so to speak. You could



pick and choose among the lean, ragged fellows that were only too eager for the chance of earning sixpence a day. And "hardy" gossoons and women at fourpence; figures still to see in accounts preserved at the Big House.

The Holohans lived in a very long, very narrow house, resolved back years ago to the mud and rushes of which it was constructed. It sheltered nine families.

"Just a front and a back wall to it, roofed over," it has been described. "How many rooms? Och, they had just a kitchen! And you'd wonder the long families there'd be. You'd be picking your steps through the babies. Potato plots? Troth, there wasn't as much land among them as would sod a lark!" Queer times, then! The Holohan great-grandchildren are growing up now, close to the site of that teeming hive, in a neat four-roomed house on its acre of land. It is kept in repair for them; and as long as they pay their weekly shilling rent the King himself couldn't stir them out of it—supposing he had a mind to, that is.

Mickey didn't enjoy his office long. He caught a "cowl'd that turned to a suggestion (congestion) inwardly," and he died. Kitty "keened" him, but the neighbours comforted her by reminding her that it was the will of God, and what a fine day poor Mickey had going to Clonalvey to be buried! The Irish Catholic has no fear of death. Kitty accepted the decree with the patience that comes of having always something to bear. And Himself let her take on Mickey's job, with the emoluments thereto pertaining.

Kitty had a mind whose native strength had never been frittered away on book-learning. She could neither read nor write. Perhaps in consequence her memory and accuracy were perfect. So, too, were her honesty, her cheerful kindliness, her piety and faith. Even the weather, that fertile excuse for grumbling, could draw from Kitty no comment more severe than "It's a fine soft day, glory be to God!" as she would appear with the letters from beneath weeping skies. The smell of sodden clothes and turf smoke recalls Kitty still. But so, too, does the fragrance of spearmint, a sprig of which Kitty was wont to pluck from some brimming wayside ditch as she paced along. For our roads can be pleasant and bloomy and scented, as well as rainy and wind-swept. Thus it was often among hawthorn and wild roses that Kitty moved, beads or knitting in hand. I never saw a finished stocking. Sometimes the ball of yarn would fall unobserved, and unwind itself like the clue to Rosamond's Bower, among tall grass and fern. But she made no mistake in telling the beads. By degrees Kitty was left quite alone. All the children "renaked" off from her; some died, and others escaped somehow to the New Island, as America is often called, to send home money to her when they could. Kitty cried when they left; but why would they stay, God send them safe! Time began to hang heavy upon Kitty's feet. Post-hour, that used to come with the breakfast, slowly broadened down till lunch would be nearly forgotten ere news from the outer world reached us. Kitty was failing, "getting bet up on the feet."

Then by some unexplained means a

donkey and cart of unimaginable antiquity and feebleness came into the scheme of things. Seated in this, Kitty continued to carry the post. She bore herself with a certain dignity therein, holding the reins always, though wisely forbearing to attempt to influence the donkey therewith; a blow of a rat's tail, it was said, would break them. When she arrived at the Big House, you unloaded her by gently tilting the shafts and letting her slide backwards to the ground, a service which she would acknowledge by "the blessing of God be on them two hands! and how's every bit of you, acushla!" Having delivered up the letters, Kitty would be conducted to the kitchen, to enter it with the greeting, uttered with a feeble gaiety, "God bless your work!" "And you, too, Kitty!" would follow like a response in church. And what work it would be, then! Who makes soap at home, now, or candles? or has a journeyman tailor stitching cross-legged on a table? Among all these things there moved then a rare spirit of quiet, wise love; capable of great things, yet not omitting the

Little kindnesses

Which most leave undone or despise.

Here it was the due sugaring of Kitty's great mug of hot tea, as she sat by the kitchen fire. Kitty had a sweet tooth.

It is all gone now, those easy-going, pleasant times! Himself "fell out of his health, and had to go to look for it in foreign parts." Kitty waited during hours of heavy rain at the railway to see him go, and went home comforted, "because he shook hands with her, foreinist all the people."

Soon after this Kitty failed in earnest; but she was a great age then, so might well content herself sitting at home. Only she was lonesome! And there were no Old Age Pensions then. But the scattered children of the Big House made up an equivalent dole among them, so that Kitty had not to go to the abhorred Union after all. The neighbours were good to her, too, and saw to it that she was buried decently, when her time came.

She has been replaced by a real postman, in uniform instead of a worn shawl; on a bicycle, instead of a donkey-cart. The letters are produced out of a regulation bag now, instead of a blue check apron; and the aroma breathing from our present-day Mercury is of whiskey, instead of spearmint. But we have to go with the times. Then was then; and now is now.

K. F. PURDON.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE DEATH-RATE IN THE GOLD MINES.

SIR,—In my "South African Notes" of a fortnight ago I seemed to throw some doubt on a statement made by Mr. Madeley, M.L.A., that the death-rate of a section of the underground workers in the Johannesburg mines is 160 per 1,000. Mr. Madeley assures me that this is correct, and, further, that the death-rate of another

section, the machine rock-drillers, reaches 300 per 1,000, counting those who, stricken with miners' phthisis, go "home" to die. I leave your readers to judge as to whether a Government which permits such "freedom of contract" is entitled to be called civilised in the full sense of that word. The general death-rate of whites on the mines is 19 per 1,000. This shows the great difference between surface work and certain forms of underground labour.—Yours, &c., R. BALMFORTH.  
Cape Town.

## BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

### SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY.

The Psychology of Revolution. By Gustave le Bon. Translated by Bernard Miall. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.  
Prestige. By Lewis Leopold. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

"THE Psychology of Revolution" by Gustave le Bon has appeared recently in an English translation by Mr. Bernard Miall. It is a study of revolutionary and criminal mentality, which will make a strong appeal to the student of social psychology. Part I. deals with the psychological elements of revolutionary movements. Part II. illustrates the revolutionary temper of the crowd, both in political action and outbreaks of violence, from the classical example of the French Revolution. Part III. discusses the recent evolution of the revolutionary principles, bringing us down to the present conflict between capital and labour and the growth of the Syndicalist movement. "The French Revolution," M. le Bon writes, "is an inexhaustible mine of psychological documents. No period of the life of humanity has presented such a mass of experience, accumulated in so short a time. . . . The Revolutionary Assemblies illustrate all the known laws of the psychology of crowds. Impulsive and timid, they are dominated by a small number of leaders, and usually act in a sense contrary to the wishes of their individual members. . . . The truth is that they obeyed invisible forces of which they were not the masters. Believing that they acted in the name of pure reason, they were really subject to mystic, affective, and collective influences, incomprehensible to them, and which we are only to-day beginning to understand." His conclusion is distinctly hostile to all forms of Socialism which, though milder in their propaganda, still cherish the revolutionary hope. He believes that they represent a regression to lower forms of evolution. "By replacing individual initiative and responsibility by collective initiative and responsibility mankind would descend several steps on the scale of human values."

Like the foregoing, Mr. Lewis Leopold's book on "Prestige" is also an important study in social psychology. Some of its most important pages are devoted to prestige in economic life, prestige and religion, and the prestige of intellect. Unfortunately, it deals with a subject which might have lent itself to a good



deal of lightness and satire, in a ponderous style, which induces a mood of vexation and weariness. We became alarmed when we were introduced to "democratical conditionality" on the first page; and this alarm deepened into settled despair when we found ugly words like "charlatanical" scattered broadcast. The following sentence is typical of the obscurities in which Mr. Leopold conceals his meaning: "Prestige is not an episode, but a psychical generality, a sentimental latency, a permanent automatism amid the changing values." The book contains a great deal of curious learning and a rich fund of social perception in a new and attractive field, but the reader who wishes to pursue its devious sentences to the end must be armed with unlimited patience and an unusual power of attention.

### THE BAHAI MOVEMENT.

The Modern Social Religion. By Horace Holley. London and Toronto: Sidgwick & Jackson. 5s. net.

HERE is another volume to be added to the growing literature of Bahaim. The author follows the method of trying first of all to arrive at the fundamental conclusions concerning society and the spiritual life held by "all men and women of goodwill, reverence, and natural though often bewildered faith," and then he proceeds to show that these conclusions are no other than the Bahai teaching. In the prosecution of this task Mr. Holley tends to become sentimental and visionary and his writing is lacking in grip. He deals with an ease, which does not win our confidence, in large statements like the following: "Within two decades, enlightened European sentiment has gone over from intelligent scepticism to intelligent mysticism, from manly denial to manly affirmation and activity. Religion, in fact, with its eternal power to intensify the inward life, has swept back into human experience. It offers once more the possession of a great happiness independent of outward circumstances." This is a description which needs many qualifications from the point of view both of the scepticism which we are supposed to have left behind, and of the new possibilities of inward happiness which are said to be once again within our reach. In many respects it would be quite as accurate to say that the hold of men upon positive Christianity has grown sensibly weaker and the materialism of our civilisation has tightened its grasp. The truth of the matter is that we cannot with any safety make these pontifical judgments about the difference between one decade and another, and we do not serve the cause of religion by doing so. The latter part of the book is devoted to a short history of the Bahai movement and a summary of its teaching. When we are told that it has been embraced by millions of every class and nationality, we should like to inquire in what sense the statement is made. Does it mean that millions are in sympathy with its ideals of brotherhood and goodwill, or that they have given in their personal adhesion to it as a distinct religious movement, with whatever nucleus of

special dogma such membership may involve? For instance, in the appendix to Mr. Holley's book there is a prayer for unity, addressed to Baha' o' llah, and closing in the following terms: "Thou art unity, O Baha' o' llah! May we love Thee more than ourselves! For surely we are not here at all, but we are in Thee." Here we have what would be called a fairly definite christology among Christians. Are we to understand that the millions of every class and nationality have committed themselves to this special form of discipleship, and are prepared to use this language of mystical fellowship? And if so, what becomes of the claim that here at last is the faith which is to give unity of purpose and expression to the other great religions of the world, and to prove to the divided churches of Christendom that "it is not enough to be a Christian—one must be a religious man or woman, unlabelled, unconfined"? We expect that the tendency of the movement will be in the direction of greater definiteness. A dreamy universalism, divorced from inspiring personal attachments and local memories, has few attractions, nor does it contain much promise of virile spiritual fruit.

MYSTICISM IN CHRISTIANITY. By the Rev W. K. Fleming, M.A., B.D. London: Robert Scott. 5s. net.

THE present interest in mysticism made it inevitable that a volume in the series known as "The Library of Historic Theology" should be devoted to it. Mr. Fleming has given us a well-ordered narrative beginning with primitive Christianity and ending with the poetry of Coventry Patmore and Francis Thompson. It is written in a rather pedestrian style, and lacks the insight of familiar books like Inge's Bampton Lectures, and Rufus Jones' "Studies in Mystical Religion," upon which in many places it depends. The list of books suggested for further study is very meagre—for St. Francis the only book mentioned is "The Little Flowers" in the Temple Classics—and ignores everything written in a foreign tongue. Even a volume which aims at nothing more than a general survey of the present position of thought and knowledge ought to give some intimation of the author's own indebtedness to standard works in French and German, which the average reader can hardly be expected to consult, though to the serious student they are indispensable.

A PLEA FOR THE YOUNGER GENERATION by Cosmo Hamilton (London: Chatto & Windus, 2s. 6d. net.) is a book which may be recommended to parents and others who are responsible for the moral education of boys and girls. It deals with the question of instruction in matters of sex from the point of view of one who believes that to rely upon physical and scientific knowledge, apart from the imaginative appeal of religion, is simply to build upon the sand. "The only way to teach sex hygiene to boys and girls," he says, "is to do so with the inspiration of God behind the teaching." Mr. Hamilton is by no means an apologist for ignorance.

He dislikes polite evasions as much as the most ardent eugenicist; only he urges that we must keep our atmosphere of sentiment and romance about these things, never treating them as bald physical facts, and above all linking the ideas of continence and purity with the noblest religious affections. Mr. Hamilton writes with special reference to America and its schools, where the policy of pure secularism in these matters appears to be far more menacing than in our own country. But in view of a tendency, which is probably on the increase, to rely upon the protective value of mere knowledge where the strongest passions of life are concerned, this plea for the old-fashioned religion of the home, with its reverence for motherhood, has a special value for English life as well.

MACAULAY ESSAYIST AND HISTORIAN, by the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning, has recently proved its popularity by appearing in a revised and enlarged edition (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d. net.). Mr. Canning is happily free from the tone of superiority, so often adopted by scholars who spend their lives among archives and authorities, towards Macaulay and other literary historians. He sees that even after a liberal allowance has been made for inaccuracies and an instinct for romantic grouping, the historian whom the ordinary man cares to read is a great national asset. The book is written with enthusiasm for its subject, though without blindness to Macaulay's most glaring faults, which Mr. Canning attributes more to the partiality of hero-worship than to ordinary party spirit. It will perform a useful service if it stimulates some readers to exchange an unprofitable course of novels for the equally exciting pages of the History, and suggests to others that Sir George Trevelyan's biography is a book to be read more than once.

### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS:—A Plea for the Younger Generation: Cosmo Hamilton. 2s. 6d. net.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE & Co.:—The Preaching of Islam: Prof. T. W. Arnold, M.A. 12s. 6d. net.

MESSRS. SIDGWICK & JACKSON:—The Modern Social Religion: Horace Holley. 5s. net.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN:—My Life: August Bebel. 7s. 6d. net. How France is Governed: Raymond Poincaré. 7s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.  
*Cænobium.*

### FOR THE CHILDREN.

#### THE CAVE OF SELF-LOVE.

"At the base of one of the mountains at no great distance from here," writes my old friend Don Esparto, "there is a vast cave which from earliest times has been frequented by a curious tribe of people. As your home," says he, "is so far away, and you may never have the opportunity to explore this region, I will



tell you what I have seen and heard of them and their mode of existence.

"So huge is the cavern, with its chambers and galleries, some of them the work of nature, others hewn out by human toil from the bowels of the earth whither the faintest ray of daylight has never reached, that without a guide the stranger may only too easily lose his way. This much I may say from my own experience, since the jaunty confidence with which I had entered was soon turned into terror. Being provided with a small lamp, I imagined that I should be able to give a good account of myself; but having completely lost my way in the maze of halls and tunnels, some hours passed, and I perceived that the oil in my lamp was exhausted. Soon afterwards the flame, which had gradually been sinking lower and lower, went out, and I was left entombed in impenetrable darkness. I will not attempt to describe the state of misery I was in. My nerve gave way, and I was possessed with the fear that I was a helpless prisoner. Nothing, however, being gained by standing still, I groped along, feeling my way by the rocky wall until my foot stumbled against an obstacle which proved to be the lowest of a flight of steps. Up these I crept, one by one, on to a landing. Feeling with my hands, I discovered another aperture in the wall and steps again ascending to the left. These brought me at last into a lofty chamber into which the light was dimly reflected through a curved entry, and beyond I heard voices. Once more I breathed freely, and soon found myself in human company. I have more than once been in the cave since then, but have been more cautious in venturing to explore its recesses. I might say much more about this grim and curious place and the art that has been expended on it for generations past to make it serviceable as a dwelling or attractive as a resort,—the sculpture, the painting, the drapery, and the furniture, by means of which its crude features are in many parts disguised. Its profound excavations have, of course, to be artificially lighted, and this fact, together with the seclusion from the fresh open air, always brings upon me a sense of captivity and oppression, be the art with which it is tricked out ever so tasteful and luxurious. I will pass on to speak of the cave-dwellers themselves.

"Of them my first remark shall be that a more motley company it would be difficult to imagine; so much so that I was completely puzzled to decide from what race they originally sprang, for they display every variety of feature and of costume. Many are as handsome as our folk are wont to be; others less so, and some are very shrewish and repulsive in appearance. In fact, whatever their features, they generally bear an expression on their faces which puts you on your guard. Now it is arrogance or vanity, now craft, and now meanness, or some other quality that creates distrust. Though they persist in making the cave their home, it is astonishing how ready these people are to grumble about it, how quick to take advantage of one another, and how clever their tricks to gain their own ends. Their tempers and habits, you would say, are far from agreeable. An old man was

pointed out to me who had formerly been a gardener, and now lived immured in a dingy hole in the rock. Being an expert in his profession, he had succeeded in raising a new and very handsome variety of oleander, but so churlish was his disposition that at the end of the season, after he had planted as many cuttings as he required for his own purposes, he habitually burned all the rest so that nobody else should be able to grow oleanders with flowers as fine as his. This man has a wife after his own heart, who keeps hens and sells the eggs, but she is careful first to pierce the top end of every egg with a very fine needle. I see you open your eyes at this strange practice. You well may; and in case you fail to guess the motive for it, I will tell you. It is done in order to prevent any of her customers from raising chickens out of what she sells as new laid eggs for breakfast. The thought of anyone gaining such a possible advantage without paying specially for it hurts her to the marrow of her bones, and a minute puncture in the shell, too small to be observed, is said to prevent the chick from hatching. You will conclude from such samples that the cave-dwellers are a queer race, and by the time you have reached the end of my brief narration you will probably have made up your mind to give them and their weird haunt a wide berth. But you may as well listen to a description of one or two more now that I am on the subject.

"One man is the owner of a large farm in the country outside. Fortunate with both his cattle and his crops, he has grown very rich; but wealth begat greed, and greed increasing engendered fear and anxiety, which became so oppressive as to unhinge his mind. The result is that he now labours under the delusion that he is a poverty-stricken hind bound to toil from dawn to dark to avoid starvation. In his anxiety to increase the yield of the crops he labours as a carter hauling manure on to the land, and at the end of the week he appears at his own back door to receive from the hand of his wife his wage of fifteen shillings, paid to him out of his own pocket.

"There are three brothers who are all builders, but so jealous is each of the other two that they always compete for the same contract, outbidding one another in cheapness, until it is impossible for the one to whom the job is finally given to carry out his work properly; inasmuch as he has to use the cheapest and worst materials and to employ unskilful workmen, if he is not to lose money over the business.

"I was much attracted at first by an elderly lady of gracious demeanour, who lived in a delightful suite of rooms in the cave, while the windows commanded a beautiful view of the surrounding country. She bore a high reputation for her beneficence to the poor, but when I discovered by chance that her servants had to work long hours for low wages, and that her needy relations were ignored, I concluded that her public bounties were made to gratify her vanity, and with that my admiration for her generosity evaporated. Such are a few instances of the kind of people you meet with in the cave.

"On the other hand, in a little bare,

grimy den hewn out of the rock there lived a stumpy, crippled shoemaker. Hammer, hammer, hammer! stitch, stitch, stitch! from early morning till late at night—the little fellow seemed to live for nothing in the world except to make and mend boots and shoes, and then drink up on Saturday night the money his industry had earned during the week. He and his wife were always poor in spite of abundance of work. As time went on, around the bare table there clustered a circle of skinny, big-eyed children, with a baby in the wooden cradle in the corner, until there were seven in all. But as the number of the family increased the hammering seemed to grow harder and the stitching faster, and yet the cobbler grew less and less thirsty, while the cabin at last began to show signs of care, and food and clothing became more plentiful. About this time the cobbler's brother, who also had a large family, died, and the cobbler took two of his children to bring up with his own. His poorest neighbours also found that he was always willing to mend their shoes but would take no money for his labour. Nevertheless, he prospered. At any rate, he was happy, and the nine children began to look plump and healthy. At length he made up his mind to leave the cave, and set up his home and business in a village down the valley, where you may still hear the merry fellow singing at his work. So, if you ever give me the pleasure of your company, I will take you to see the jolly cobbler. He may then tell us more of his earlier experiences in that gloomy den of errors, the Cave of Self-Love; but you will have hard work, I imagine, to persuade him to recross its threshold, even as your guide, or to rejoin, as no more than a visitor, the ridiculous company of its erratic inhabitants."

H. M. L.

## MEETINGS AND GENERAL NEWS.

### THE VACATION TERM FOR BIBLICAL STUDY AT CAMBRIDGE.

#### THE MISSION OF THE CHURCH TO THE WORLD

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

THE annual meeting of Biblical students took place this year at Cambridge, from July 26 to August 16. In accordance with the usual plan of illustrating a complete idea throughout the term of three weeks, the subject this year has been "The Mission of the Church to the World." The work of each week comprised two courses of four lectures each, two single lectures, and several Old Testament readings in Hebrew, and New Testament readings in Greek. All the four-course lectures took place in the mornings at Girton College, the single lectures and Hebrew readings in the afternoons at the Divinity School, and the Greek Testament readings, which were arranged by the students, were held simultaneously at Girton and Newnham Colleges. The increasing number of students who attend Greek and Hebrew read-



ings is a proof that the importance and value of studying the text of the Bible in the original languages is being realised by those who wish to become specialists in that branch of study. The Greek Testament has for long been the property of the average Biblical student, but it was a matter for congratulation this year that the number of Hebrew readers had also considerably increased.

#### THE BOOK OF JEREMIAH.

I can only attempt to gather up from the numerous interesting lectures a few suggestions on fresh lines of thought. Dr. Kennett's course on the Book of Jeremiah has been a memorable feature of the term.

It was with great reluctance, Dr. Kennett said, that he had undertaken to lecture on the Book of Jeremiah, for the reason that his view differed widely from that which had won general acceptance with contemporary scholars. That Jeremiah was most deeply influenced by Deuteronomy, and that Deuteronomy was the book found in the Temple in the 18th year of Josiah, were, he was sure, commonplace pieces of knowledge in the possession of every schoolgirl (he would not say of every schoolboy). For himself, however, this second theory was fraught with very serious difficulties.

Starting with the crucial passage, Jer. vii. 22, 23, and comparing it with the words of the Prophet Amos, uttered more than a century before (Amos v. 25), Dr. Kennett proceeded to show that a code of laws relating to sacrifice could not date back to the days of the wilderness wanderings. Jeremiah distinctly denied that legislation regarding sacrifice had ever been given by Moses to Israel. The only law that was enjoined by Moses was the law of obedience to Yahweh. In Jeremiah's teaching, the time of the wilderness wanderings was a time when there was no break in the happy relations of Israel to Yahweh; it was a time of unclouded love between Yahweh and his bride. But it was the coming into Canaan that caused faithlessness in Israel, and the turning from the worship of obedient service to idolatrous practices. It could not be maintained that Deuteronomy did not enjoin sacrifice (cf. Ch. xii.) and it was impossible that Jeremiah could have been saturated in the Book of Deuteronomy and yet repudiate the doctrine of sacrifice. In Dr. Kennett's view, it was evident that at the time of Jeremiah's call in 626 B.C., the people had only just begun to assign this sacrificial legislation to the days of the Exodus, and that to contradict this perverted doctrine was a primary reason for his call.

Viewed in this light, it does not seem possible to identify the book found in the Temple in the 18th year of Josiah with the Book of Deuteronomy. A further complication is met with in maintaining the theory from the significant fact that, in the Book of Kings, Jeremiah's name does not appear as one of King Josiah's advisers. The reason for this is that Jeremiah was intensely dissatisfied with the retention of the sacrificial system in the Temple ritual at Jerusalem. Jeremiah would have put down sacrifice altogether, whereas Josiah made an exception for Jerusalem.

To Jeremiah, this was merely a surface reform, and not of the heart. "Plough up for yourselves ploughland, and do not cast your seed into the thorns," was the spirit in which he understood a reformation.

Then if not Deuteronomy, what was the book which Hilkiah found? It certainly was not Dr. Kennett's main purpose to answer this question, but he offered two suggestions:—(1) In Ch. viii. 8, we find a polemic against a law book: "How do ye say we are wise, and the law of the Lord is with us? But behold the false pen of the scribes hath wrought falsely." No doubt Jeremiah is definitely attacking some written document which professed to give the teaching of Yahweh, but which he himself repudiates. To such a book would answer the Yahwistic document of the Pentateuch (cf. Ex. xxxiv.), promulgated by the less prophetic party, who were quite satisfied with Josiah's reforms, and did not wish to go the whole length with Jeremiah. (2) The book may have been lost, and if so, any clue respecting it is beyond recovery.

#### PERMANENT RESULTS OF JEREMIAH'S TEACHING.

When the ethical teaching of Jeremiah and his school was vindicated by the destruction of the Temple by Nebuchadnezzar it would appear that a new Decalogue was written, the basis of which was that the covenant between God and Israel was not sacrifice, but the religion of the heart. And so, we may say, the ethical teaching of Jeremiah has survived in a permanent form in a code of laws, which, with our Lord's comment upon it, has been received as sufficient in the Christian Church.

There is one tremendous benefit, Dr. Kennett pointed out in conclusion, which Jeremiah has conferred, not only on the Jewish Church, but also on the Christian Church of subsequent ages. He has taught men how to pray (cf. the classic passage, xx. 7ff.). We respect the faith of the man who could address Yahweh directly in prayer, and yet who felt it so fearfully hard to recognise Yahweh's justice. The man who has really learnt to pray is the man who is able to bring the doubts as well as the difficulties of his soul to God. Jeremiah has taught us that there can be personal communion with God. It is Jeremiah's voice, or an echo of his voice, that we hear in that most spiritual of books, the Psalter. Such are the grounds which cause us to give to Jeremiah one of the highest places in the "goodly fellowship of the Prophets."

#### A PROBLEM OF TO-DAY.

It is impossible to adequately reproduce Dr. Kennett's arguments in the limit of one article, but before leaving Jeremiah may I venture to draw an inference which his treatment of the subject suggests? The apparent contradiction between the maintenance of the sacrificial system in the Temple ritual at Jerusalem, and the definite repudiation of the doctrine of sacrifice by the Prophets, has constituted a stumbling-block to many of us in the interpretation of Old Testament teaching. Nor do we, perhaps, fully realise what the word "sacrifice" involves. To bring the meaning home, I repeat a chance remark

of Dr. Kennett during one of the lectures. He would never again, he said, attempt to describe the horrors of ritual sacrifices. On one occasion he had attempted to do so in Ely Cathedral, with the result that one of the minor Canons turned faint, and had to go out. To suppose that at any time God could have desired the barbarous slaughtering of innocent dumb victims is abhorrent to our sense of natural religion. But if we follow Dr. Kennett's view this difficulty disappears. Now when we pass from the Old Testament to the New Testament a natural inference seems to follow. The bald presentation of the doctrine of the Atonement which has been set forth by the previous generation is abhorrent to the spirit of the age. And do we not find in the New Testament, in the Parable of the Prodigal Son, a simpler and more natural idea of God as the loving Father, ready to forgive at the first return to right conduct, than in the elaborate doctrine of sacrificial redemption, which—rightly or wrongly—has been worked out of the teaching of St. Paul? I leave this as a mere suggestion. The problem is one which all Biblical students are setting themselves to face to-day.

In this connection, however, I may quote from Canon Thornton. Preaching to the students of the Vacation Term on Sunday morning, August 2, from the first words of the Creed, "I believe," he laid stress on the value of full-hearted belief, particularly in the approach to Bible study. We have a glorious heritage, he said, in our membership in the Church, and in the possessions of the Creeds with their weight of historic value, but we cannot accept interpretations of a past generation which have come to be regarded by us as impossible. Nor should we be content to simply accept the interpretation of the spirit of the age. The Bible student should approach the study in the spirit of personal communion with God. Then there is the other side of the question. The spirit of individualism lacks wisdom, if it is not tempered with the spirit of authority.

#### THE INTERPRETATION OF THE HISTORIC CHRIST.

In illustration of the latter principle I will draw my concluding remarks from Dr. Anderson Scott's very able lecture on the Historic Christ.

"Back to Christ," he pointed out, was the cry of the movement towards liberal Christianity which began towards the end of last century. It arose through a general distrust for dogma, and a failure to find any use for the wisdom of experience. The Historic Christ, it was said, was not the Christ of the Church, but the Christ of the Gospels. It was supposed that there each believer could find Him for himself. But this movement of Liberal Christianity has failed. It has ended in a blank alley. And why? The answer is that we can never truly understand the Church or Christ so long as we narrow our view to include only the Gospel records. The records are hopelessly inadequate to express the sum of all the experiences which lie behind them. The reason is that just because they are records they are at least one step removed from what was vitalising at the time, and what is, therefore, vital



to our understanding of the phenomena which they attempt to record. Far more important than the Gospel records is *the impression* that these records are intended to produce, viz., *the impression which Jesus made upon his followers.*

Dr. Scott considered three cases, in ascending order of merit, in which we can try to realise the impression which the Gospel records have only imperfectly depicted:—(1) The Universality of the Gospels; (2) Eschatology; (3) the Person of Christ. we can only comment on the last two. Speaking of Eschatology, Dr. Scott said: "However baffling the problem of Eschatology is to us to-day, it must have been far more disturbing to the infant Church. The day came when it was no more possible to believe that the predictions left by their Lord could be accepted in their literal meaning. But the greatest marvel of all is that this crisis has left so little mark. The more we think, the more we marvel that the Church has survived triumphant over the shattering of her dearest hope."

Then with regard to the Person of Christ. There is something far more important to be reckoned with than dogma—it is the attitude of mind and will which men took up towards the risen Christ. This, he contended, was the same attitude which men had before taken up towards God. As of old to Israel Yahweh was Lord, so now to Christians Christ is Lord. There is not the least doubt, such was Dr. Scott's conclusion, that in the expression "Our Lord Jesus Christ" the whole meaning of religion is contained in germ.

### GERMANY AND THE UNITED STATES.

In the columns of our Chicago contemporary, *Unity*, Mr. Edwin D. Mead pays the following tribute to the influence of German Universities upon American thought:—

"The obligations of our own higher scholarship to the universities of Germany have been incalculable. The first American who visited a German university was Benjamin Franklin, by interesting coincidence, precisely he among the founders of the republic, whose impeachments of the war system were most constant and emphatic. It was in 1766 that Franklin attended a meeting of the Royal Society of Science of Göttingen, then but a generation old as a university, and it was to Göttingen that the first illustrious group of American students went half a century later, the advance guard of the great army of American students, numbering thousands, who have been to Göttingen, Leipsic, and Berlin and the other seats of German learning during the century which followed. Edward Everett, George Ticknor, George Bancroft and Joseph Cogswell constituted the distinguished pioneer American group at Göttingen, the first two going in 1815; and Bancroft was the first American to take a German university degree. By eloquent coincidence it was this first American graduate of a German university who became half a century later the first American Ambassador to the new German empire. There have

been years in the last century when in all the German universities together there have been at once nearly 1,000 American students, nearly 500 in Berlin alone; and the thousands of American scholars now occupying teaching posts in our higher schools and universities, whose culture and training were so largely gained in Germany, and who love the German people, are a potent pledge, added to our great German population, that between these two great nations at least there has always been good understanding and good will.

"In the present noteworthy international movement among the students of the world, which movement has created the Cosmopolitan Clubs in 30 of our American universities and multitudes of similar organisations in other lands, it is a significant and grateful fact that the new International Clubs in many of the German universities were the result of American initiative, and few things are doing more to promote fraternity and mutual respect in the world of scholars than the exchange professorships established by Germany and the United States. Out of this movement has grown the Amerika-Institut at Berlin, that splendid library placing at the service of German scholars and students all that throws best light upon the life, history and institutions of the United States. It were to be wished that there were just such a German Institute in New York, and especially one in London. What England chiefly needs to-day is that close familiarity with Germany which exists between German and American scholars. From the Scotch universities many students have gone in the last half century to perfect their training in Germany, but from the English universities but few have gone—and the neglect has been at cost. . . .

"I wish that at this approaching centennial of the beginning of the great procession of American students to Germany there might be founded at Berlin a practical memorial in the form of a German-American house, to meet the social and intellectual needs of the now great American body in the German capital, to become a rallying point for Germans and Americans, to become a centre of international enlightenment, to contain the necessary library and conference rooms bearing the names of Bancroft, Everett and the illustrious pioneers, and especially a hall bearing the name of Immanuel Kant. The building should be called the Andrew D. White Memorial, in honour of the great scholar, now our international Nestor, who has through the long years done so much for German-American friendship, who rendered America and the world such conspicuous service as our ambassador to Berlin, and who went from that high post for the time to lead our American delegation at the first Hague conference."

### THE JUNIOR COMMONWEALTH IN DORSET.

THE "Little Commonwealth," says the Quarterly Record of the Penal Reform League, has started its career under the Dorset Heights, some ten miles from Sher-

borne and Yeovil and Dorchester. The beginning was made during the first week of July; and now there are reported to be four girls and six boys at work on the farm, the former sleeping in the cottage and the boys in the farmhouse. There have been many delays in getting to work owing to the difficulty the contractors have had in the transport of materials and the conveyance of workmen from a base so far away as Sherborne. A staff of four helpers and the local superintendent are at work with a very happy family. Any visitor who happened to see the farm to-day would be astonished at the difference effected in the boys and girls from the Tower Bridge Juvenile Court in a few days.

It is true that in the early days of the Little Commonwealth there is no room for a visitor to stay the night, and there will be no accommodation for some months; but we hear that the visitors of an hour who have been there have all come away impressed beyond all expectation by the principles of self-government being carried out. The boys and girls have already had their first gathering—a Council—and have begun to make their own laws. When an incident arises in the life of the boys and girls the superintendent is there to watch and direct the development of public opinion. And incidents are of hourly occurrence, except during work hours, when the citizens are occupied in making ditches and laying pipes for the water supply and in household occupations. As they realise the freedom that is given to them to work out their own future, and feel that the helpers understand them, we may look forward to some surprising results.

### NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

**Special Notice to Correspondents.**—Items of news for this column should be sent immediately after the event, and should reach the editor on Wednesday, except in the case of meetings held too late in the week to make this possible.

**Accrington.**—The Rev. John Hinkins, M.A., of Atherton, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Accrington Unitarian Church.

**London: Hampstead.**—The Rev. Henry Gow, who has been taking a two months' holiday in Canada and the United States, will resume his ministry on August 31. During his absence the services have been conducted on several Sundays by the Rev. Joseph Wood.

**Plymouth.**—The congregation of the Trevillstreet Chapel was helped and encouraged on Sunday, August 17, by a visit from the Rev. Dr. Drummond, of Oxford, who took the service and preached in the morning. Several strangers were present.

**Portsmouth.**—The St. Thomas's-street Chapel will be closed for repairs till September 14. Meanwhile, services will be held in the Albert Hall, conducted by the Rev. Thomas Bond. A generous offer to lead the singing with a brass band has been accepted. Mr. Bond, who has been minister of the chapel for over 27 years, is the oldest Nonconformist minister in Portsmouth, and is held in wide and general esteem for his works' sake.

**Timaru, N.Z.**—The calendar of the Unitarian Society, which also calls itself "the Church of this World," contains the following "open letter" by the minister, the Rev. J. H. G. Chapple:—"The past six weeks' change in



Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin have been weeks full of fresh inspirations and enthusiasm. I found the Unitarians in the three centres the same sort of people, folk who see the joy of living—folk who believe in the good life—folk who rise above parochial thought—folk with ideals throbbing with a warm humanism. Going from the north to the south more than ever the fact is as clear as sunlight to me that the only two movements in the Dominion that are fully alive to 'Universal Ideals' are the 'Industrial Party' in the political world and the 'Unitarians' in the religious and ethical world. The change with Mr. Hall has been productive of much good. Mr. Jellie, before returning to England, promises to visit Timaru, and will do so on August 10 and will also lecture on 'Emerson' on Monday, August 11. My mind recently has been much concerned with putting the Sunday school on modern lines. My suggestion is a 'Sunday Kindergarten' for the younger children on Froebelian lines. About £5 will enable us to get the necessities for a start. On July 13 I wish to speak on the subject. Our existence cannot be justified unless we capture the children and remove them from sectarian pin-holes."

## NOTES AND JOTTINGS.

### DANCING AND WORK.

Dancing, according to Miss Jane Harrison, the writer of "Ancient Art and Ritual" in the Home University Library, is regarded as a serious pursuit in many savage tribes, and it always has some special significance which is not usually understood by those who try to imitate them for the sake of novelty. We are not accustomed to regard dancing as a sort of ritual undertaken for specific purposes; it is to us "a light form of recreation practised by the quite young from sheer *joie de vivre*, and essentially inappropriate to the mature. But among the Tarahumares of Mexico the word *nolávoa* means both 'to work' and 'to dance.' An old man will reproach a young man, saying, 'Why do you not go and work?' (*nolávoa*). He means, 'Why do you not dance instead of looking on?' It is strange to us to learn that among savages, as a man passes from childhood to youth, from youth to mature manhood, so the number of his 'dances' increases, and the number of these 'dances' is the measure *pari passu* of his social importance. Finally, in extreme old age he falls out, he ceases to exist, *because he cannot dance*; his dance, and with it his social status, passes to another and a younger."

\* \* \*

In some parts of Eastern Russia the girls have a pretty custom of dancing one by one in a large hoop at midnight on Shrove Tuesday. "The hoop is decked with leaves, flowers and ribbon, and attached to it are a small bell and some flax. While dancing within the hoop each girl has to wave her arms vigorously and cry, 'Flax, grow,' or words to that effect. When she has done she leaps out of the hoop or is lifted out of it by her partner." This is an instance of sympathetic magic. The girl "does what she *wants done*. Her intense desire finds utterance in an

act. She obeys the simplest possible impulse. Let anyone watch an exciting game of tennis, or better still perhaps, a game of billiards, he will find himself *doing* in sheer sympathy the thing he wants done, reaching out a tense arm where the billiard cue should go, raising an unoccupied leg to help the suspended ball over the net. Sympathetic magic is, modern psychology teaches us, in the main and at the outset, not the outcome of intellectual illusion, not even the exercise of a 'mimetic instinct,' but simply, in its ultimate analysis, an utterance, a discharge of emotion and longing."

### THE SALVATION ARMY IN INDIA.

The following facts taken from the address presented by Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Tucker to Lady Hardinge (says *United India and Native States*) will give the public some idea of the admirable work carried on by the Salvation Army for the reclamation of the criminal classes. In the United Provinces and the Punjab, where the work has been established for nearly five years, they have 11 Settlements and 3 Children's Industrial Homes with a total number of 2,360 men, women, and children. It is also stated that 4,000 more, will be added to this in the United Provinces alone. The Army has been requested by several Provincial Governments to open similar Settlements in their provinces. Arrangements have been made for the maintenance of 1,800 members of the criminal classes in the Madras Presidency. Nor have the efforts of the Army been confined to British India. Several Native States have asked to start similar operations. By far the most encouraging testimony to the efficacy of the work lies in the fact that it is appreciated best by those for whose benefit it has been undertaken. "What are you going to do with us?" they recently asked of a Deputy-Inspector General of Police, who had been specially appointed to prepare lists of them with a view to their early transfer. "What would you like us to do?" he diplomatically replied. "Why don't you send us to the Salvation Army?" "Wouldn't you all run away, if we were to do that, and then we should have no end of trouble in catching you again?" he replied. "Just give us the chance, and see what we should do?" they answered earnestly. The confidence reposed by the members of the community is surely the highest reward the Army can look for.

### TYPISTS OR HOME-MAKERS?

The *Manchester Guardian* recently drew attention to the fact that the Education Committee of the London County Council has failed to attract the girls to classes in domestic economy. The Council's offers of free scholarships at Shoreditch, for instance, where a flat is run on practical lines, and where the girls can manage the household affairs in their own way, are of no avail. Last Easter forty-five scholarships were offered here, but yet there are now only twenty-four girls in the school, in spite of the advantages of free food—cooked by themselves—and maintenance grants. The ideal is not to turn the girls into servants,

but to train them as model housewives, so that in time they will be competent home-makers. But the girls of the district seem to give their minds only to typewriting, and in most of the secondary schools the Council has really been compelled to open typewriting classes. The girls want them, and although the classes are not in every case recognised by the Council, power is given to the head mistresses to organise classes after the usual school hours.

\* \* \*

THIS is not a very encouraging state of affairs, especially in view of the deleterious effect upon health of office-work with little or no exercise, and the over-crowding of the market with girl-clerks who are under the impression that tapping a typewriter all day is less degrading than housework. But the fact must be recognised that, as the editor of an American journal recently stated, "the rôle of woman has changed, that this change is not for the better—at least, not from a medical point of view—and while allowing that the old state of affairs has gone, never to return, at the same time steps should be taken to endeavour to deal with existing conditions in such a manner that the race will suffer as little as possible."

### AN AMATEUR GARDENER.

An amusing account of General D'Arblay's gardening feats in the early days of his marriage with Fanny Burney is given in an article by Sir Henry Lucy in the *Cornhill Magazine* for August. General D'Arblay formed one of the colony of French aristocratic *émigrés* who had settled near Norbury Park, in Surrey, so often visited by the writer of "Camilla," and like many others in the same position he had lost all his possessions in anarchy-ridden France. This caused him to develop "a fearsome frenzy for gardening," which is delightfully described by his long-suffering but good-humoured wife. "Everything we possess," she wrote, "he moves from one end of the garden to the other, to produce better effects. Roses take the place of jessamines, jessamines of honeysuckles, and honeysuckles of lilacs, till they have all danced round as far as space allows. Whether the effect may not be a general mortality, Summer only can determine." . . . There came a time when, owing to a regrettable incident, the land had rest for many days. Towards noon, after a morning of furious transplanting, D'Arblay caught sight of a bucket of cold water standing by the pump. He straightway plunged his heated head in it, the shock bringing on dangerous illness that confined him to his room for some weeks. Taking his first walk abroad after convalescence he observed a bed in the garden bristling with weeds of exceptional rankness. *Ciel!* Thus was advantage taken of his temporary withdrawal from the scene of his labours. Throwing off his coat he picked up a spade, and in less than an hour he had levelled the forest of weeds. Mentioning the feat with shy pride to a neighbour who also had a garden, he learned that he had dug up the only bed of asparagus."



## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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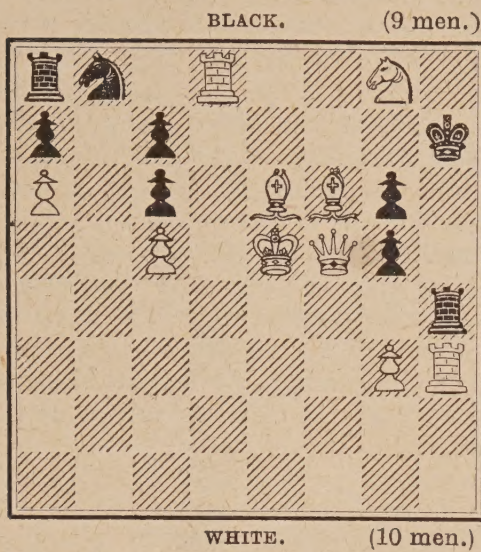
By PHILIP H. WILLIAMS, F.C.A.

AUG. 23, 1913.

**All communications for this department must be addressed to the office of THE INQUIRER, 3, Essex-street, Strand, W.C., marked "Chess." Criticisms and solutions will be acknowledged, and should be received the Saturday following publication.**

## PROBLEM No. 20.

By H. D'O. BERNARD.  
(From the Chess Amateur).



White to play and mate in two moves.

## SOLUTION TO No. 18.

- |                 |              |           |
|-----------------|--------------|-----------|
| White.          | Black.       |           |
| 1. R. KR3       | 1. P. Kt6    | } forced. |
| 2. R. Rsq!      | 2. P x R, ch |           |
| 3. Q x Q, mate. |              |           |

Correct solutions have been received from W. T. M., Thomas Bulman, A. J. Hamblin, W. Clark, Walter Coventry, the Rev. I. Wrigley, Dr. C. G. Higginson, W. S. B., the Rev. B. C. Constable, W. E. Arkell, F. S. M., Geo. B. Stallworthy, Thos. L. Rix, A. Mielziner, H. L., Edward Hammond, Geo. Ingle-dew, T. Creed, E. C.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. S. B.—Your suggested move for No. 17 is defeated by 1... K. K6.

H. L.—I am sorry I omitted acknowledgment of No. 16. You are correct.

CHAS. WILLING, U.S.A.—Your solution to No. 15 does not work, since Black plays 1... P. K 7. No. 16 is correct, though this key-move was overlooked by the composer.

A. J. HAMBLIN.—Your three-mover is not forgotten. Many thanks.

**British Chess Federation.**—This meeting at Cheltenham is still in progress. The solution competition was won by Mr. John Keeble, of Norwich. Mr. Keeble's success is quite the usual feature, as he wins year after year. He is the Chess Editor of the *Norwich Mercury*, a very interesting chess column. I am unable to quote the problems as I am without the official diagrams, and have no copy of my own composition. At the moment of writing I have totally forgotten the position! In the championship tournament, Mr. F. D. Yates is to the fore. He is an accomplished Yorkshire player, and has played in many International contests. He has only recently returned from Holland, where he has crossed swords with the finest Dutch talent.

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